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## *a community called ...*

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SHALL IT BE  
RUM, WITH MODERATION?

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BY REV. E. F. REMINGTON.

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AS there are more than a million of people who find employment in distilling, rectifying, compounding, adulterating, transporting, and selling intoxicating drinks, it becomes an important question what is to be done with the traffic. Some say, to prohibit it would be a great affliction to the men employed in it and to their families. Now there are more than one hundred thousand people who find employment as thieves, robbers, forgers, incendiaries, and murderers; would it not

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be a great affliction to them and their families if arrested and put in prison? But are not the industrious portion of our community, who are liable to be robbed and murdered and burned up in their homes at midnight, of more consideration? Imperial Rome could point to a thousand temples where her demon-gods were worshiped. To prohibit idolatry would throw thousands out of employment; but would it not be better, instead of sacrificing the oxen to Mars or Jupiter, to send them to draw the plow? Would it not be better for the rum-seller, instead of slaughtering men and women in his slaughter-house of rum, to go out and hold the plow, that the ragged and starving children, on every side of him, might have bread?

When the panther and lion enter the sheepfold, and bear away the lambs, it would be a great affliction to them and their cubs if the shepherds should pursue and kill them. To destroy the ravening wolves of rum, gin, and brandy would be a great affliction to the noisome beasts, who kill and devour our sons

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and brothers; but it would be salvation to ten thousand desolate homes in our land. When the slave-trade was put under the ban of Christendom, it was a sad day for the men-stealers, who had grown rich and great in robbing the innocent; but it was joy and salvation to Africa. To suffocate and starve young men and maidens below decks was terrible, but more terrible to enslave the bodies and souls of men by pandering to their ungovernable appetites. The men-stealers enslaved and often killed the body, but the traffickers in liquid poison enslave and destroy body and soul. It would seem that the unquenchable appetite of the slave of the cup, foreshadows and points to the fire that is never quenched.

The united naval marine of the world have put an end to piracy on the high seas. No doubt this was very damaging to the pirates, who enriched themselves by robbing and burning the ships of the merchant marine of all nations. To put an end to the rum-piracy would be very damaging to the pirates, who are en-

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riching themselves and families by robbing fathers of their sons, and sons of their fathers, mothers of their daughters, and daughters of their mothers; robbing men of their eyes, their hands, and their feet; of their reason, their memory, and their will; of their character and their good name; robbing the Church and State of their brightest ornaments; the Senate of its wisest counselors; the tribunal of judges, whose robes were never stained by venality; the army and navy of commanders, whose courage was undoubted; the pulpit of legates, whose lips poured out angelic sweetness; robbing the Father Almighty of the souls he created; robbing the Son of the souls he died to redeem; robbing God the Holy Ghost of the souls, for whose recovery he now maketh intercession with groanings which cannot be uttered.

Men who indulge in intoxicating beverages tell us that they "go in for a short life and a merry one." Why not go in for a long life and a merry one? Are the elements of merriment and gladness so destructive to human life that

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it must be short? The birds that gladden the world with their merry notes are long-lived. The dolphin and the whale, sporting in the deep, are long-lived. The lambs leap for gladness and take in health and life at every bound. The hounds starting in the chase with the huntsman yelp for joy. The birds and dolphins, the lambs and hounds, never call for gin to help out their merriment. The lark mounts up the sky with a song of jubilee; the spring robin wakes the matin morn; the voice of the nightingale is heard through the live-long night; and all without the exhilarations of the wine-cup. Without the help of spiced rum the eagle builds her nest on the mountain crag, and mounts and soars in circles of grandeur toward the sun. The lion, rising with the early morn, shakes fear and the dew-drops from his mane, and thunders his mandate in the desert without a thought or a desire for that which "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." The horn of the unicorn did not take on hardness and strength bathed in the fires of the distillery.

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The panting deer, when heated in the chase, bathes his feet in the cooling water-brook. The horse, whose neck is clothed with thunder, who mocketh at fear, and smelleth the battle afar off, hearing the thunder of the captains, and the shoutings, moveth on to victory without one drop of liquid poison. "He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage," but never distilled damnation.

The majestic oak lives a thousand years, the yew-tree three thousand. Through the long centuries they stand, like the saints of God, battling with the storms and tempests that beat upon them. They live on, defying the winter's cold and the summer's heat. For long months the heavens above them may be brass and the earth iron. The rain of the land may be powder and dust, but rooted deep down in the earth, they draw up the precious moisture that carries them through. The secret of their longevity is found in the fact, that they take in the rain and the dew as they come down from heaven, and also stand waiting for the light and

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warmth of the king of day. And never in all these long years did they ever turn for warmth to the lurid fires of the distillery. The oak and the yew-tree never strengthen their burly arms with one drop of rum, gin, or brandy; surrounded with the free air of heaven, their ventilation is perfect. No drink-houses for them, filled with the fumes of wine and tobacco. No crowded dance-houses and gambling hells for them. Full of sap, the life-currents circulate freely. No varicose veins, no rheums or cramps, no apoplexy or asphyxia, no sun-stroke or rum-stroke. Full of health and life, they give shelter and shade to the drifting generations. When the Almighty bows the heavens, and comes down, riding on the wings of the wind, the tall cedars of Lebanon bow their majestic heads in reverential awe, praising and magnifying their Maker for the dew and the rain and the sunlight by which they have been developed into majesty, and also praising him for defending and sheltering them from the worm of the still.



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There is no life, no blood, no strength, no vital force in the cup of trembling. It is simply a stimulant that urges on, as a spur or whip, the jaded body or brain. There is not one drop of blood in all the alcohol in the world. You might as well put powdered glass or pulverized rams' horns into a human stomach, expecting to get a drop of blood, as alcohol. No man, or beast, or bird, or shrub, or tree could live on alcohol alone. The athlete will never touch it. The champions of the rowing match win victory without it. The men who walk six hundred miles in six consecutive days require no such spur or whip to urge them on to win the prize. It can add nothing to the fleetness and endurance of the race-horse. Long before alcohol was discovered great armies traversed seas and deserts, clambered over snow-covered mountains, and fought terrible battles on the land and on the sea.

There are more than ten millions of moderate drinkers in the world to-day. In less than a year out of that number will come one

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million of immoderate drinkers; and out of this million one hundred thousand will die: die in affluence, die in poverty, some in a palace, more in the gutter; die in prison-cells, in poor-houses, in mad-houses, and on the gallows; die with pleurisy, dropsy, Bright's, palsy, paralysis, cramps, and rum-convulsions. Every glass is adding fuel to the fire, and hot fires soon burn out themselves. These are the fires that burn up the kidneys, the liver, the lungs, and the brain; fires that burn down the temple of the soul, that scathe the pillars of the understanding, mar and blacken the proud domes of the imagination and fancy, and crumble the altars of piety where love and purity have been enshrined.

Out of the hundred thousand who are to die will be some who have led the devotions of the faithful, some who have ministered healing to the sick, others who have dispensed justice from the tribunal, charmed the Senate, and held the impassioned throng spell-bound by the charm of their eloquence. The fiery tunic that consumed Hercules is wrapped

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around them, and will be their winding-sheet of flame when they descend into the lake of fire, where the worm never dies and the fire is never quenched.

There are in London more than one million of people who never see the inside of a church, and in New York more than half a million in the same sad condition. These great multitudes are as sheep without a shepherd. All the year round it is a round of dissipation, or a round of drudgery. They wander on the bleak mountains, ready to perish with hunger and cold. But this is not all the trouble, for the wolves of rum, gin, and brandy are coming down upon them to kill and devour. To save the sheep and lambs from the dangers that assail them is the imperious duty of every man, of every patriot, and of every saint of God.

A ship storm-beaten, dismasted, her anchor-chains sundered, has trouble enough ; but when boarded by a band of pirates, robbing and murdering all on board, the cry goes up to heaven. And are there not myriads tossed on

the waves of temptation, ready to perish, with a band of rum-sellers ready to rob, murder, and finally burn the poor shattered bark? Is there a river, lake, sea, or ocean that is not crimsoned with the blood of myriads who have been robbed and murdered by the pirates of rum, gin, and brandy? Is there a coast or strand, from the poles to the equator, that is not covered with the wrecks of these plunderers on the land and on the sea? Shall we fold our hands in sleep while the loud lamentations and prayers of distracted wives and starving children rend the heavens? While they are scattering fire-brands and death among us, shall we be silent and sluggish spectators of their havoc?

The alarm has been sounded. We can hear it in the cry of the orphan, in the moan of the widow, in the wail of the broken-hearted father and mother going down with sorrow to the grave. We can hear it in the crash of broken fortunes and ruined hopes, in the sighs of the prisoner, and in the yells of the maniac. Let us go up to battle resolved

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we will never give over until the last vestige of this moral piracy is swept from our world.

The ten millions of moderate and immoderate drinkers are a formidable host, but, with the good hand of our God upon us, we have great hope that we shall win them over to the side of purity, temperance, and truth. The endless cable of the celestial bridge spanning the dark river rolls round the throne of God in heaven and the blood-stained rock of Calvary, and we have only to put on the grip of faith to be carried on to the gates of light, on to glory and to God.

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